

# SOUTH BEND NEWS-TIMES

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SOUTH BEND, INDIANA, MARCH 18, 1915.

## A REPLY FOR THE BUSY-BODIES.

Every little while—every time someone of opposite or semi-opposite political mould—a little fault to find with The News-Times, it appears to have become their custom to throw it upon the market and forthwith sell it, deliberately sell it, and apparently pocket the money, the consent or connivance of the proprietors seemingly, not counting.

The number of times that this paper has been thus summarily disposed of during the past couple of years is proverbial, the apparent purpose being to discredit it much as possible, and throw about it an atmosphere of instability. This time the detractors, busy-bodies, or whatever you might call them, have put up Lew Ellingham, former secretary of state, Wm. H. O'Brien, former auditor of state, and Dale Crittenger, present auditor of state, as the purchasing state-pigeons. Take this from Sen. G. H. Summers, principal stockholder in The News-Times Co., and its president, as an answer:

The News-Times has not been sold and is not for sale. There are no negotiations looking toward its purchase or sale. The story is a canard uttered for some ulterior purpose. I will continue its operations and its present management, and there will be no material breaks in its present policy, regardless of who starts these yarns or what may be their design. I anticipate that it will take more money than the gentlemen referred to would be willing to pay, to buy The News-Times, for I feel perfectly competent to continue it under its present successful operation, and I trust this will serve to put a quietus on such wild talk, once for all.

The people of South Bend and St. Joseph county know Sen. Summers well enough to know that when he makes such a statement, he means it; that he is not much of a man of idle words, and for the benefit of the gentlemen who started the story, let it be hoped that they will appreciate that, though unidentified, he is talking in the main to them as well as the gossip tongues that they have set in motion.

## CONGRESSMAN GARDNER'S SOPHISTRY.

Whether or not it is permissible to comment on an address of a speaker before the Knife and Fork club—unless you comment favorably—a privilege that seems to have been withdrawn a couple of years ago, when ex-Gov. Richard Yates, of Illinois, had held the boards for a night, we beg to indulge in this bit of license:

We are inclined to wonder just how many of the banqueters Tuesday evening, who so generously applauded Congressman August P. Gardner, of Massachusetts, are really anxious to go to the front and manipulate the guns that the speaker so urgently demanded should be built, making of themselves a target for the foes that it might encourage?

It is easy enough for men, like the congressman, to make the eagle scream, and to bleed bloodshed for others than themselves, anticipating a safe distance for their own carcasses. It might be a comparatively easy way, though expensive and uncivilized, for cutting down if not extinguishing the army of unemployed, since it is the workingman and the farmer boy that does the most of the fighting, but we wonder that if the question were put up to the men who are blowing the horns of war, that they were actually to be forced to do the fighting themselves, there would be less blowing.

But this is not the main query with regard to the address, if we understand it correctly, it was perhaps the most sophisticated piece of oratory that has been applauded in South Bend for some time, by an unsophisticated audience. Take this for a single mouthful:

I am not advocating preparedness for war, but preparedness against war. Being prepared for war is entirely different than being prepared against war. Germany prepared for war, and Switzerland prepared against it.

Yes, and it was cheered, for what we do not know, in the light of the apparent purpose of the utterance, which was to urge a larger navy and a greater army—seemingly presuming that no one in South Bend would chance to oppose or recall that Switzerland's preparedness against war has been absolutely in the direction of disarmament, and in line with all those pacific measures that Congressman Gardner condemns. It would look as though he were seeking to misappropriate Switzerland's fine success, claiming it as an endorsement of armament, under some brand of false pretenses. Switzerland is exactly the example toward which the United States is working in its efforts to prepare against war, and any pretense that would point to the contrary, can be for no other purpose than jingoistic demagoguery.

Same with the efforts of the congressman to lift the noisome clamor for "preparedness" from the armament-makers and place it on the shoulders of the people. The people may have been humbugged into pleading the cause of the armament-makers, through such press agencies of the Army and Navy league, and ditto, such statements as Congressman Gardner, and the newspapers that distribute their ravings. It may be the people of Italy and Greece that are clamoring for war over in the levant, but it is not the people of the United States over here in the accident, their assemblies about the bulletin boards a year ago when trouble was brewing with Mexico, notwithstanding. You can't judge what the people want in their saner moments, by the uproars in which they indulge in the midst of alarms.

We are prepared "against" war. The best preparation in the world, of that sort, is to be able to maintain a level head and not allow the enthusiasm of "profiteers" to get away with our judgment. Maybe treaties are of but little account, but they have served to keep this government out of a lot of trouble during the past hun-

dre years, while we are unaware of their having gotten us into trouble but once, and that just about a hundred years ago. Indeed, we are of the opinion that could the peace treaties contracted during the past two years have been the work of a republican secretary of state, instead of a democrat, Congressman Gardner would be making Knife and Fork speeches these days, praising them, instead of sneering at them, and instead of calling the American people "peppery," he would have them down as the most "peace loving" people in the world.

And we are, except perhaps, the people of Switzerland, to whom we might add Holland, where there are no armament-makers with Army and Navy league press agencies, or Congressman Gardner, to rail against their "peace loving" and make them "peppery" for war and other barbaric customs.

## SUCCESS OR FAILURE.

Julius Kruttschnitt, chief executive of the Southern Pacific, makes an unprecedented exhibition of gall or ignorance when he publicly declares that "government management of enterprises is a failure."

We imagine that Mr. Kruttschnitt is out for some prize for cold-blooded nerve but, lest it really be denseness that ails him, we will call his attention to some successes of government management, to wit:

Reclamation, through receiverships, of hundreds of railroads, that private management had wrecked.

Building of the Panama canal.

Parcel posts.

Postal banks.

Federal banking.

Driving the Southern Pacific out of political management.

We are pretty certain that the last item is the one that provokes Mr. Kruttschnitt's criticism of government. Indeed, he rather indicates this by adding that "Our only way of getting business now is by showing a sweet temper to the public." It is indeed a new way. Formerly, the Southern Pacific, in ugly temper, not upon the public's neck and rode the public whitherso it listed. But, government engaged in the enterprise of making the Southern Pacific sweet tempered and Mrs. Kruttschnitt's testimony that it succeeded is first class.

What the Southern Pacific formerly got by huddle, bludgeon and bossism, it now aspires to by a sweet disposition.

Railroad receiverships have a splendid record. Look about you and you can recall, no doubt, several instances, of railroads wrecked by private management, taken hold of by the courts and turned over to receivers that have straightened them out, placed them back on their feet, and actually saved them for the stockholders. This is government management. It is successful because the water is squeezed, not so much out of the capitalization, as out of the management. The dead-weight, over-head expense, consisting largely of relatives of officials at huge salaries, which the public has been required to pay, is among the things frequently found necessary to get rid of. No, it is not true that pay-rolls padded for political service, is the only extravagance indulged in with respect to the management of public utilities, nor is it always indulged in by the government. Nepotism in private management is oftentimes as disastrous, and quite as frequent.

Probably true that government management of enterprises is sometimes a failure, but it is quite as true that private management is not always a success. The fault with government management is that it is so often a sort of tyranny success.

FASCINATION OF THE AUTO-MOBILE.

In a daily newspaper published in one of the big cities of the country, which has been holding an automo-

bile show, there was printed one day last week 21 columns of automobile advertising and automobile news. This copy of the newspaper was not a special issue. The automobile material was of course largely stimulated by the exhibition. Yet many metropolitan newspapers print in their Sunday issues as much automobile material as that every week.

Reports from the big automobile shows tell of a simply enormous attendance. The Boston show drew 30,000 on an ordinary day, and exhibitions in other cities correspond. The people may be cutting down their supplies of beef, owing to slow trade and high prices, but the consumption of a necessity like the motor-car is not checked.

The people who conduct the automobile shows understand very well that if a man has a mechanical mind, he is a "goner," once you get him into one of these displays. He may think he went simply as an observer of the mechanical triumphs of the age, but the bug has got into his system. As the versatile and gentlemanly salesmen expound the perfection of their several cars, the ferment grows.

To many men, anything of the nature of a machine is fascinating and alluring. The play of motors, wheels, and levers delights them. When to that there is added the stimulation of driving an automobile and the delight of rapid motion, the combination is too beguiling for human nature. If a man really can't afford a motor-car, he is fortunate indeed not to have this love for machinery implanted in his heart.

From the figures of the annual reports of the college athletic associations, it is easy to see how more professors of literature could be provided if the faculty would run a few football games.

## Yarns From Washington

By Fred C. Kelly.

WASHINGTON, March 18.—John N. Tillman, of Fayetteville, Ark., is an ambitious person with cleanly chiselled, statesmanlike features, red hair and a romantic backward wave, and a disposition to do those things that he sets out to do.

Consequently, because he made a little agreement in his early boyhood to come to congress he is coming to congress.

More than 30 years ago a pair of youngsters, one of them Tillman, sat under a big oak tree and off-handedly made a boyish compact to meet some day in congress. The plan entered into lightly was not sealed in blood, Huck Finn fashion, or anything like that; still, as Tillman looked at it, an agreement is an agreement. He took the thing seriously and made up his mind to keep the trust. Ever since that day under the big oak tree he has conducted himself as one having an agreement to fulfill and eager to be on the way.

Both the young men who framed the pledge became lawyers and each served his district as prosecuting attorney. Then one of the young men blew up a stick of dynamite to his agreement was concerned. He quit thinking about congress and became a Presbyterian minister.

Now, almost anybody but Tillman might have felt that he was released from his covenant. Tillman, however, isn't that kind. When he tells anybody he will meet him in congress he carries out his part of the contract and goes to congress. If the other fellow wants to fall short of the arrangements, that is the other fellow's affair.

So Tillman never slacked up at all when the other party to the bond notified him that he had entered the ministry and that all political plans were declared off.

After serving as district prosecutor, Tillman became a circuit judge and then was honored by being elected president of the University of Arkansas. He kept the same university he had worked his way through as a student, and he kept sweeping floors and performing various other services of a humble nature.

That might have been enough honor for Tillman and doubtless would have been, except for his agreement. He had told his friend he was going to be on hand at a certain place and time and he meant to do just that. When he began his campaign last year he frankly told the voters about his boyish compact, and put it squarely up to them whether he should be able to keep his agreement or not.

"My daytime vision and my dream by night," he freely admitted, "has been the coveted privilege of representing this district in the nation's white-columned capitol."

What else was there for the voters to do? You couldn't go to the polls and force a man to break a pledge, could you?

Furthermore, Tillman has a line of talk that is extremely hard to resist. For example, he was speaking with great fervor one day of his training on the farm. And these words he did say:

"I know what it is to toil and to suffer. I know the grinding exactions of life on the farm. But it is not bad training to be forced out early on November mornings and toast your bare feet in the warm brown leaves where the cow slept; to be thrilled by the amorous kisses of the June sun as you trail the meek-eyed mule up and down the long, but hot rows; to get out before dawn and assault the feeble-minded calf with his foamy lips glued to the full udder, his little tail wiggling in speechless bliss, and wrench him away from his partial morning milking meantime to his butting or his kicks as you tether him to the rail fence, preparatory to securing the milky share of his mother's morning offering, and to coax the warm milk from the black-and-white Holstein and from a half dozen young Jerseys, full of fidgets and brainstorms, to convey what it is worth to the kitchen."

When a man can summon so much eloquence in regard to the feeding of a few farm animals, what may he not be expected to say when he gets up in the house of representatives some day to discuss the state of the Union?

## Letters of the People

DEFENDS THE RAILROADS.

Editor News-Times:

It is folly to kill a goose that lays golden eggs. So far I will have in agreement with me those who may read these words. Now for divergent paths, for my further postulate is that the railways of this country are given scant justice by our state and national authorities. Big business in general and the railways in particular have been and are being so roughly handled that one may be excused for supposing that they are regarded in certain quarters as public enemies, whose existence is less a blessing than a curse. Not even the manufacture and sale of liquor is repressed with so stern a joy as appears to characterize those to whom authority is given to crack the whip over our railways. A vast and intricate system of reports, statements, schedules, special book-keeping and what not, entailing extra expense running into hundreds of thousands of dollars is required; and the regular progress and dispatch of railway affairs is confused and hindered to an extent most vexatious and irritating. Not only so but rates are dictated by commissioners who may or may not have knowledge of what is fair between the carrier and the shipper, who may or may not be prejudiced on general principles against railways as having no rights that any one is bound to respect, and from whose flat there is no more appeal than from a syllable of law.

Rates have been arbitrarily cut down, destroying all but the most meager profits or none at all. Protests have been unavailing. New burdens are imposed, like the outrageous demand by the federal commission that the mails shall be carried at the old contract price, notwithstanding the addition of the parcel post packages, an enormous increase of bulk and weight never before contemplated. The result is manifest in a condition of things gloomily reflected in the condition of the railways. Dividends are cut or passed altogether, and renewals or refunding accomplished with difficulty at an exorbitant interest charge. Beset to run the gauntlet of officialdom and a hostile public, eager to bestow obstructive blows and kicks, railway men are in a sorry plight. The heart is taken out of them.

This might be endured with equanimity if not with complacency by the average onlooker, but for the economic fact that you can't cause serious injury to any great interest like the railways without serious consequences to general interests. The ruin of the railways would spell disaster to every soul in this or any other civilized community. It is the doing of the earnings of the railways to the quick, while threatening them with further vengeance if they reduce their payrolls, assuming no responsibility for providing for interest on the bonds of the railways, of return to stockholders who furnish the means for running the railways, and quite anxious to expect or require them to maintain their equipment, provide for repairs, to make the roads safe, and suspiciously the evidence of impaired and decreasing returns, and the specter that looms like a hostile Zeppelin to throw them into bankruptcy.

The screws have been put on pretty tight, but they have not been discovered to compel the railways to cease retrenchment when they can no longer see where the money is coming from to buy new rails, to build decaying bridges, to replace rolling stock that belongs on the scrap-heap, to improve station buildings or keep them in repair, to say nothing of engaging in extensions of roadway or sections where the advent of the iron horse for the time being, at any rate, is halted as a friend instead of a foe. Hostility comes later, when isolation has been relieved. It needs a hint to make the situation clear.

When railways stop purchasing, the car shops, the steel mills, the producers of wheat, corn and cotton in remote or pioneer sections, all are affected, and worst of all the waiting and increasing army of the unemployed and their dependent wives and little ones suffer. It is folly to kill the goose that lays golden eggs.

It is the veriest platitude to assert that the railways have done more for the upbuilding of the country than any other agency. Even the dunce knows that. Then why harass and cripple and brow-beat them? It is because the railways are the only agency that is derived at the expense of our well-being. It is because we can do so with impunity; because it suits our tyrannical natures to be despotic, and, as indicated, because we are so stupidly ignorant of cause and effect that we believe that injury inflicted upon a railway even to burning and looting will not react upon those who thus cripple and destroy. Some of us imagine the boy bully in school, the iron horse of the lad a size smaller who wears a clean collar. He forces a quarrel upon him, thrashes him, rolls him in the dirt, and then cautions him—

"Not one boy in 50 comes to man's estate with the idea that it is really a sin to steal rides on a railway train. Ask the yard masters for a report on the youthful plunderers, who swarm about unwatched, to steal and carry away railway property that their cunning and strength can compass. Think of the influence of these experiences on the after life of these children, who are the future of the nation, in and out of the penitentiary rot his education in the loose morals commonly entertained regarding the property rights of railways. The child is father of the man. Who knows, maybe some of these boys in after life, escaping the worst taint of early training, have become respected members of society, and have secured appointments as railway commissioners. In qualifying for such a position they ought to be able to answer in the negative a quiz to this effect: "Did you ever as a child or since steal from a railway—and get away with it?" I plead myself to have been entertained in youth for a brief period this virus impelling boys to disregard the honest pay-as-you-go principle in the case of a railway; and I burn yet with the recollection of my morbid and when most luckily I was foiled in attempting to stretch a railway trip a half dozen miles further without paying for it. It was my good fortune not to get away with it.

So I doubt the railways have had signs to answer for. But again an old saw—two wrongs never made a right. Punish evil doing, certainly; but oppress, never. Hold the railways to a rigid accountability for equitable dealings; but give them decent latitude for the exercise of fundamental rights enjoyed by other industrial lines, lacking which makes it an impossibility to meet the obligations they owe to the interests they are expected to subserve. It is well to clearly recognize how closely interwoven the railway systems are with every branch of our domestic industries, and we could not if we would harm them without doing violence to every other industrial and

## THE MELTING POT

COME! TAKE POTLUCK WITH US.

Enemy property is anything floating on the high seas which you don't want the other fellow to get.

WRIGHT ATEM sent us a few verses for this issue, but as they are a little too directly "atem" we refrain from printing them. Instead let us present an old song we and the other boys used to sing with much feeling at 2 a. m.

Sweet Evalina,

Way down in the meadow, where the lily first blows,  
Where the wind from the mountain ne'er ruffles the rose,  
Lives fond Evalina, the sweet little dove,

The pride of the valley, the girl that I love.

She's fair like a rose, like a lamb she is meek,  
And she never was known to put paint on her cheek;

In most graceful curls hangs her raven black hair,  
And she never required perfumery there.

Evalina and I one fine evening in June,

Took a walk all alone by the light of the moon.

The planets all shone, for the heavens were clear,  
And I felt 'round the heart tremen-

lously queer.

Three years have gone by and I've not got a dollar.

Evalina still lives in that green, grassy hollow;

Although I am fated to marry her never,

I've sworn that I'll love her forever and ever.

WE never saw much sense to that song but the refrain seemed to have a soothing effect at the hour named.

CURIOS thing about the English language—so many different things can be expressed with the same word. For example, the doting mother presents her baby and exclaims, "Isn't he cunning?" The detective points to a picture in the rogue's gallery and tells you the fellow is a cunning thief. Possibly the baby isn't cunning, but the mother thinks in that word.

ED. M. P.: We have a real hero in our neighborhood. At dawn of the cold gray morn'g a robin on the top-most branch of the tall tree in front of my window opens the morning curtain. Warm and comfy in my bed I listen to his song then turn softly on my pillow and sleep again to dream of spring with crocuses, daffodils and tulips pushing their dainty heads through the frozen crust of earth.

A. T. F.

Wasting Time at the Tabernacle.

(From a Revivalist.)

People are sitting in this tabernacle tonight who have committed the unpardonable sin and are as truly damned as though they were in hell.

IT has occurred to the United States that what blo Rades the rest of the world blockades us, but we can't understand why the innocent bystander should be rapped over the knuckles.

THE occasion calls for consideration and charity. We've got to live with Terry Hut. We can't push her over

commercial department. The live and let live policy is applicable universally, and in no quarter is it more truly essential and wise than in governmental or civilian dealings with the railways. March 17, 1915. D. S. MARSH.

Reminders From the Columns of The Daily Times.

J. C. Knoblock was elected president of the Humane society to succeed D. S. Marsh, who found himself unable to accept the office to which he was elected.

Akin Moore and Miss Uretha B. Morey were married at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene B. Morey.

Dudley M. Shively was thrown from a buggy by the breaking of an axle. Gus A. Klingler and Miss Lydia Ennis were married in Lansing, Mich.

Paxson Seed Store, 230 So. Mich. St. Advt.

A TELEPHONE TRIUMPH

The latest scientific achievement is the successful telephoning from New York to San Francisco, a distance of over 3,600 miles. It is claimed the voices were clear and distinct.

Another worthy public benefactor is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. It is a safe family remedy for Stomach, Liver and Bowel ills and in thousands of homes reigns supreme.

When the appetite lags, the digestion is poor, the liver and bowels inactive you should try Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. It will help Nature restore normal conditions in the entire system and improve your health.

SECURITIES

Which you buy may go up or down, but you can always depend on the fact that every dollar you deposit in our savings department will be a dollar, plus the interest it earns.

Your principal will always be available, which cannot be said of all forms of investment.

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4% ON SAVINGS.

HARRY L. YERRICK

Funeral Director

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I AM AS NEAR TO YOU AS YOUR TELEPHONE.

Chapel Ambulance Carriage

BREMEN.

Otto Emmons of Nappanee was in this city Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Koontz were South Bend visitors Friday.

William Hans of Laporte was in our city Sunday, the guest of his father, Henry Hans.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Thompson have returned after spending the winter with their daughter, Mrs. Arthur E. Leiter at Connersville, Ind.

Bert Deibel, who is attending college at Angola, Ind., was home over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. George B. Wort, who for some time have been stopping at the Soldiers' home at Lafayette, have again taken possession of their home in Sunny Side.

Edward F. Henry was in South Bend Friday on business.

Albert G. Mikel of Elkhart was in Bremen last week.

George Hans, a well known resident of this city, met with a terrible accident Saturday while blasting stumps on his farm, one mile west of town. In some manner a stick of dynamite exploded in his hand, completely tearing off his right hand between the wrist and the elbow and also badly lacerating his right leg. He was alone in the field when the accident happened and was compelled to walk alone to his home. Drs. Nusbaum and Dennison dressed his mangled arm and leg and he now is as comfortable as can be expected.

Many precious stones may be "reconstructed," but not the emerald.

What Will You Be at 60

if your "air castle" fails to materialize?

Help your air castle along by doing something practical!

One single dollar put away in our Savings Department will make a good, solid foundation. By saving part of your earnings and depositing the amount here regularly you will soon have a good substantial bank account.

You can shape your own future by acting today—here—NOW!

ST. JOSEPH COUNTY SAVINGS BANK.

THE ST. JOSEPH LOAN & TRUST CO.

PROPERTY OWNERS

Modern houses are more in demand every day by families renting, and they find that houses which are equipped for electric service of a better class than those without—Often times they will see a porch light that will induce them to look over the place, that otherwise might be passed by.

A house may have bath and furnace, unless it has electric lights it is not modern.

Our wiring proposition makes it possible to place your house in the modern class.

Call New Business Department.

Indiana & Michigan Electric Co.

220-222 WEST COLFAX AV.

Bell 462. Home 5462.

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BURKE & CO. OPTICIANS

Eyes examined free; glasses fitted at moderate prices. Satisfaction guaranteed.

DR. J. BURKE & CO.

Optometrists and Mfg. Opticians.

230 SO. MICH. ST.

Notice—We duplicate any lenses the same day, no matter who fitted them. Bring the pieces.

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AND TRUST CO.

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